

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 31.—VOL. XXI

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1809.

NO. 1073.

## THE FRENCH FAMILY.

### A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

(Concluded.)

SOME days after, the party left the cottage, having seen Traval committed to his grave, and the chevalier was prevailed upon to suffer the lives of them all to be endangered by taking the route towards St. Catharine's convent. It was near the close of evening when they reached the spot. Lilodine and Adela put their heads out with a sisterly love to view its lofty turrets. Alas! what a shock they felt, when, instead of the venerable building, they beheld the whole a mass of ruin, from which the black smoke still continued to rise, and, faintly curling, vanished in the air! "Oh! my Eloise," sighed Adela, "are you then departed from me? Has your cruel countrymen destroyed the fairest form in existence? Could not your angel voice have stayed their cruel purpose? Ah! no! savage like, they unheeded your piteous shrieks, and lighted with their torches your funeral pile!—Oh! soul-harrowing thought! was your death so cruelly severe! Ah! chevalier, Ah! Countess, in pity to my feelings, end my life!"

Thus did the truly amiable Adela bemoan her sister's fate; and, while indulging in all the luxury of woe, did not observe that the carriage had stopped, and the chevalier Charles was preparing to alight, till the voice of the Countess roused her by the following exclamation: "Poor wretch! you say she is not quite dead? support her forward, for the love of Heaven!"

Adela then raised her head, and directing her eyes to the road, beheld a figure in a nun's attire stretched upon the ground, and the chevalier making many attempts to lift her in his arms. The coachman giving his assistance, she was in a little time brought and laid in the carriage; when the Countess taking her cold and stiff hands, benevolently pressed them, and said, "Adela forget your grief, and look on this object of pity. Thank the Almighty she is not entirely devoid of life. Pray to that being, my dearest girl, for the return of her reason, to give a proper account of herself; and you, Lilodine, aid me in the cause."

"Here is my smelling-bottle," said the weeping girl: "alas! the poor, poor nun!"

"She is nearly perished with cold, from lying so long on the damp ground," said the lady de la Tour, "and is in a long and severe fit."

She then took the salts from Lilodine, and tearing aside the veil that covered her face, applied the bottle to her nose. The eyes of the two sisters were turned on the nun at the same instant, and, from the death-like paleness of her countenance, they felt assured she could not recover. Adela, stooping to bathe her temples with some brandy, which the chevalier produced, had a nearer view of her features, and sending forth a piercing shriek, exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "It is Eloise! It is Eloise!"

At the same time both ladies recognized her, and their horror cannot be described at finding

their applications prove of no avail; and that she lay equally as cold and senseless as ever.—Tears and lamentations followed, and it was with a rapture, better conceived than described, that they beheld a ray of red shoot across her pale cheek, and a slight convulsion of the limbs succeed it. "Surely, I cannot live long," she at length faintly murmured; then raising her head, to her no small surprise she found herself in company with the Countess and her sisters, who, clasping her in their arms, vowed never more to part with her.

The party now slowly proceeded to Calais, which they reached in perfect safety; and while the chevalier Charles went down to the quay to inquire after a vessel about leaving France, the Countess congratulated the three young ladies on their apparent escape.

"But, alas! does not my sister talk of dying?" said Lilodine; "and can I enjoy life if she leaves us?"

"Let us hope," replied Adelaide, "that she is destined, although she thinks otherwise, to share our future fortunes."

"I would not deceive you," said Eloise, lifting up her drooping head, "I feel I shall shortly quit this unhappy world for one of glory.—My frame, enfeebled by sorrow and sickness, sinks beneath the shock—it bends to the very ground, and I long for the time when my heavenly father shall release me from pain, and place me near my blessed mother, the lovely young nun, my unfortunate friends, and the amiable lady abbess of St. Catharine's."

"Oh! do not talk so!" exclaimed Lilodine. "Oh! Eloise; dearest, most beloved girl, do not drive me to despair!"

"Shall we not meet again?" said Eloise, extending her fair and fragile hand. "For ever, Oh! for ever, will I wander near you; borne on the air, my form shall hover over you, my voice shall sing in concert with the wind, and when you join me —"

"Hold!" cried Adela, "I will hear no more; you must not torture me thus; already have you planted daggers in my bleeding heart, and I groan beneath the wounds you inflict."

The chevalier here entered, and brought the welcome intelligence that a bye boat was ready to sail, with a fair gale springing up. They joyfully followed him to the water's edge, and the ladies, embarking, directed their eyes to their native land, as long as the French coast could be discerned, with tears of anguish, and many a wo-fraught sigh. The evening was still and beautiful; the pale queen of night played upon the water; and the stars displayed their radiance. Eloise, with her senses buried in meditation, forgot the effects of cold, while she enjoyed the stillness of the scene. "Ah! never shall I again behold the pleasing scenes of a sea excursion," said she, in a faint voice, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely blue eyes to Heaven. "Oh! my blessed mother! welcome the approach of your beloved child!"

Adela, who had taken a seat by her side, took the hand that had sunk on her knee. "Eloise, we had better go into the cabin," said she;—"the Countess, I fear, will be alarmed at the risk you run of getting cold."

Eloise replied, "I love to look on the passing clouds, and gaze on the face of the silver moon, and yonder lights. The morning billows are suited to my taste, and the melancholy pleasures I can never again taste. In a few hours I shall be landed in a country unknown to me; my last sigh I shall leave in it; and strangers will perform those duties which my death will require to be paid me. The Countess, Lilodine, and you, will shed tears over me, but you are not my father, and he will never more behold the child he cursed."

The chevalier here advanced, and giving her his arm, he led her down the cabin-stairs; while Adela, overwhelmed with grief, followed their steps with tears and sighs of agony.

As she predicted, Eloise was on the verge of the grave; and when they moored in Dover harbour, she was in great danger. A chaise waited on the pier to convey her to the York hotel, and when she arrived there, a very skillful physician was sent for, who pronounced her very near her end. He indeed spoke strictly true; for the poor Eloise the next day departed this life, and pronounced her last sad groan on the bosom of Adela. While they were yet weeping over her breathless form, the Lord St. Croix and his cousin, Lord Mandeville, made their appearance at the York hotel, and were welcomed by the chevalier Charles with the greatest joy; who, with caution, introduced them to his mourning friends.

The departed Eloise being interred, Lord Mandeville escorted them to London, and carried the Countess to the arms of her aunt, Lady Mandeville, a very elegant and amiable woman, who instantly became so fond of the emigrants, that she insisted on their taking up their abode at her house.

About six months after, they heard of the death of the Count de la Tour. The Countess was too sincere to affect grief, and his daughters did not mourn his loss as they would have done, had he been less unkind to the departed Eloise.

The term of mourning being expired, the Countess, agreeable to her father's wishes, (who escaped, and brought over the chief part of his immense property from France,) gave her hand to the chevalier Charles, the only man she had ever loved; and, the same day, Lilodine became Lady Mandeville, and Adela, Lady St. Croix. In a little time after, the papers informed them that Almondina and Louisa had both died by the hands of the executioner for the crimes of their husbands, and their families shared in the general ruin. While the Count St. Croix, as a compensation for his former harshness to his amiable daughter, at his death, which shortly after took place, left an equal share of his fortune with her brother, besides a handsome legacy to the chevalier: thus making them happy, as far as fortune and the blessings of this life can possibly confer happiness.

MAXIM.—When I wish to judge the character of a man, whom I have time to study, I always inquire in the first place, whether he has preserved his earliest friends.

## THE MILITARY COXCOMB.

'The coxcomb's leer, the stupid lie  
Of ignorance and spite.'

A young lady, whom we shall call Iris, was remarkable for a certain gaiety and vivacity of temper, yet wholly guiltless of any imprudent levity, happening once to be in company with an officer, to whom hitherto she had been an utter stranger, and unconscious that there had ever been the smallest impropriety in her behaviour to the men, she treated him with her wonted frankness to the rest of the sex; yet did the vanity of the coxcomb prompt him to imagine that there was singularity in her behaviour. The next day he went to a gentlewoman who was aunt to Iris, and after the several compliments, he thus explained to her his business. 'I perceive, madam,' said he, 'that your niece has conceived a regard for me, by which I esteem myself much honoured; but as I could not return it in a suitable degree, I think it would be proper for you, madam, to advise the young lady against being in my company any more, that by so doing she may cure herself of such an ill-placed passion.' Mrs. S— was amazed. But as soon as he had taken his leave, she sent for her niece, and related to her what the captain had just reported. Iris was astonished; and, after treating it with the contempt it deserved, she sat down, and wrote the following verses extempore.

### TO CAPTAIN —

Think not, thou poor conceited swain,  
That e'er I wished thy heart to gain;  
So insignificant the prize,  
I should the conquest quite despise.

From the Boston Mirror.

SWA (Virtue) was clothed with poverty—yet shame blushed not on her cheeks—She presented her attendants with a ragged livery—but she gave them a golden cognizance.

From Artemian.

IN seeking virtue, my child, says my uncle, thou findest poverty, be not ashamed, the fault is not thine. Thy honor, or thy disgrace is purchased by thy own actions. If thou art virtuous, blush not if it make thee poor—for though thy poverty may disadvantage thee, yet it cannot dishonour thee. Virtue, continued my uncle, is an act of loving that which is the beloved, and that act is prudence. And not to be removed from thence said Mary, by constraint, is fortitude and, not to be allured by enticement is temperance; not to be diverted by pride is justice. And the declining of this act, said my uncle, is vice.

They were interrupted by the approach of the colonel—Never, cried the colonel, as he rushed through the thick bushes with cane in hand, and his handkerchief flying from his pocket like a streamer—Never till this hour have I loved, never till this hour were my eyes directed to that object (Beauty)—The colonel much agitated, still pointed, with his cane, to the object as she passed. My uncle grave as a deacon, arose—Gaze not on beauty too much said the old man as he eyed her with the minutest attention, lest it blast thee, as the sun blasteth the flower, which, but a few hours since, was fresh with the morning dew; nor too long lest it blind thee—nor too near, lest it burn thee—What an eye! cried the colonel, without regarding what my uncle was saying. But my uncle and the colonel both became more composed as the object vanished from their sight—and the old man resumed his discourse. If thou art pleased with beauty it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee. But, interrupted the colonel, where beauty is accompanied with virtue, it is the heart's paradise—but where it is combined with vice, it is the soul's purgatory. Here was heard the corporal, sounding his horn to call them to dinner, and my uncle and the colonel hastened towards the house with so much rapidity, as actually to get there before the pudding was wholly consumed.

SUBULA.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life and is remedied by exercise and motion.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

O'er the hills of Slieve-Galen as homeward he wandered,

The Exile of Erin oft pangs'd with delight;  
To dear recollections his soul he surrendered,  
As each well known object returned to his sight:  
Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light-hearted,  
Here was the bower where with love first he smarm'd:  
And here was the old oak where, when he departed  
He carved his last farewell, 'twas—*Erin go bragh.*

His heart wild was beating, when softly assailed him  
The sound of a harp—Oh! he listened with joy:  
What quick'ning emotions! his visage revealed them  
And the fire of his country beamed strong from his eye:

A sweet female voice, soon the loved strain attended,  
'Twas dear to his fond soul, that e'er it suspended,  
With each note, the spirits of feeling ascended,  
Sung soft to the accents of *Erin go bragh.*

'I once had a lover,' thus ran the sad numbers,  
Now doom'd far from me and his country to mourn,  
Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he slumbers,  
Ah, my soul! canst thou think he shall never return!

Yes, he shall, for he lives, and his past woes redress-  
ing,  
His country shall hail him with smiles and caressing,  
And locked in my arms he'll pronounce her his bless-  
ing,

That country which wrong'd him, his *Erin go bragh*

'As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,  
And formed was his bosom, of friendship and love,  
But called by his country still swift to defend her,  
Undaunted and fierce, as the eagle he'd move  
That ardour of passion, for me which he pleaded,  
By what female breast could it have been unheeded?  
The love of his country alone could exceed it,  
For still his first wish, was for *Erin go bragh.*

This harp, on whose strings oft he rushed each emo-  
tion,

Unrivalled the soft tones of feeling to draw,  
He left me, the pledge of his heart's true devotion,  
'And bid me oft strike it to *Erin go bragh.*  
O'er it often I've dreamed, that he sat in this bower,  
And touched the sad tale of his exile with power,  
Each soul glowing patriot, the strains did devour,  
Struck full to the magic of *Erin go bragh.*

'But cease, ye vain dreams! for at morn still I lost him,  
And cease, my fond hopes, for my grief must re-  
main,  
No—they must not!—he cries and rushed to her bu-  
som,

Your exile's returned to his Erin again,  
Now fallen are the oppressors that sought to destroy  
me:

Love, friendship, and Erin shall henceforth employ  
me;

'Tis himself, she exclaimed, 'O ye powers, ye o'er-  
joy me.'

Then *blest be my country! blest Erin go bragh.*

## THE SICK MAN'S INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come gentle sleep resume thy wonted power.  
Come hush my cares and close mine eyes an hour:  
Thy curtain draw and ease this throbbing heart,  
Thy quiver display and practice all thine art.  
Steal gently on—with noiseless step advance:  
Like flitting fairy in the mystic dance,  
Sense after sense to thy domain convey,  
Till not a sense remains to steal away.  
In torpid chains this body bind once more,  
But let the soul some unknown scene explore,  
Give fancy the free rein, and let her rove  
Through scenes of horror, or to realms above;  
If she should sink to dark confusions reign,  
Where frightful Chaos covers all the plain,  
There should she struggle with surrounding ill,  
And all her efforts leave her conquered still,  
Then sink exhausted, and embrace despair,  
E'en that would not exceed what I now bear.  
But should she chance to rise on peaceful wing,  
And to my soul a gentle requiem sing—  
I then might boast, a moment's peace to gain,  
And steal a respite from my ceaseless pain.

## SAERIFF'S COURT, MAY 12—CHIM. CON.

Wellesley, Esq. vs. Lord Paget.

THE particulars of the elopement of lady Charlotte Wellesley with Lord Paget, have already been amply detailed to the public, and their relative situations in life, with the parental claims upon their fidelity, are so well known to require further explanation. Suffice it, that the much injured plaintiff, after the shocks of his lady's infidelity had subsided, applied to the laws of his country for redress, and brought his action against the noble lord.—The defendant suffered judgment by default, thereby acknowledging the adulterous intercourse; and this day a jury was impanelled; before Mr. Burchell, the sheriff, to assess the damages.

Mr. Garrow, with great eloquence and feeling, depicted the various state of happiness enjoyed by the plaintiff and his wife, and recounted the numerous offspring, the fruit of their connubial intercourse. He then drew an afflicting picture of the mental distress into which the incontinence of his wife had thrown him. Nor was he less eloquent in describing the misconduct of the defendant, who, he said, had courage enough to conquer every other enemy but his own passions. His speech was followed by evidence of the facts, and a speech in mitigation of damages, by Mr. Dallas: when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages, twenty thousand pounds.

Lon. Pap.

## EXTRACTS.

### PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance: it is but this, that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are visited with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

## BIOGRAPHY.

No species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.

## MAXIMS.

That person has a bad heart who is more delighted with the blamishes than with the beauties of other people's characters.

He knows not what is sweet, who knows not what is sour. Health is known by sickness, wealth by want.

The hand of faith never knocked at Heaven in vain.

We could not want, if we could ask.

Injustice is upheld by violence; whereas just governments are maintained by love.

They had need to stand fast that stand high; there is both more danger in their falling, and more hurt in their fall.

As of fishes, so of men, the lesser are a prey to the great.

With honest hearts, all respects either of blood or friendship cease in case of treason.

Such a close relation there is betwixt a prince and a subject, that the dishonour of either is inseparable from both.

In the removal of the wicked is the establishment of the throne.

No enmity is so deperate as that which arises from motives of religion.

As you see in a pair of bellows, there is a forced breath without life; so in those that are puffed up with the wind of ostentation, there may be charitable works without faith.

# The Weekly Museunt.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 47 persons, (of whom 9 were men, 4 women, 18 boys, and 16 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, bilious cholera 1, cholera morbus 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dysentery 1, remittent fever 1, infantile flux 16, hemorrhage 1, hives 1, old age 3, sprue 2, still born 1, teething 2, white swelling 1, whooping-cough 1, and one of worms.

On Monday last a young married woman, who had lodged for a few days at a house in Front-street, corner of Fletcher street, put an end to her existence by poison. The cause alleged for this, is: her husband, who is a travelling pedler, absent at Philadelphia, wrote a harsh and unbecoming letter to her, which she received on Saturday; and although the husband is worth upwards of three thousand dollars, he neglected to remit any relief to his wife, who was little more than 19 years of age, and had a child to maintain. Under these circumstances she was reduced to the necessity of asking for protection in the house of an acquaintance, where she was endeavouring to work for the value of her board, &c. But on receipt of the letter, she grew melancholy; purchased some arsenic, which she took on Monday, and in a short time expired. The jury have sat upon the body, and, we presume, have found a verdict of *De Se.*

Amer. Citizen.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning an unfortunate female was found dead in a house in Murray-Street, with her throat cut across in a most shocking manner. An inquest having examined the body and brought a verdict of *Suicide*. It has been supposed that this woman was impelled to perpetrate this horrid deed by effects of an illicit connection. *Ibid.*

Baltimore, Sept. 5.—Last evening arrived the brig Inca, capt. Mezick, in 35 days from the island of Sylt, Denmark, which place he left on the 30th of July.

Capt. Mezick informs that he had read the French Bulletin, giving an account of a very severe engagement between the Emperor Napoleon and the Archduke Charles. The French crossed the Danube on three bridges which were previously completed, and commenced the engagement on the 2d of July. The battle continued four days successively. The Archduke Charles was badly wounded, and fled with 40,000 men into Bohemia, leaving 60,000 Austrians on the field of battle. The French stated their own loss to be comparatively trifling. On the 8th of July an armistice was concluded for four weeks, and Bonaparte was in possession of all the strong holds in Austria. It was not known where the Emperor of Austria was.—The Russians occupied a great part of Galicia, but had not formed a junction with the French.

Captain Elford of Charleston, S. C. has proposed to open a subscription to enable him to have engraved a set of Nautical Tables, of his invention, by which the latitude of any place can be found with great ease and correctness, by taking the altitude of the Pole Star.—Those who have been at sea, know how frequently it happens that the sun is obscured at noon; in

which case the latitude the vessel is in, cannot be ascertained until the next, or perhaps some days after; yet by having the tables of Captain Elford, if the night should prove clear, which is often the case after a cloudy or foggy day, the Pole Star will answer in a considerable degree as well to ascertain the latitude as by the sun; thus giving the navigator a double chance of knowing his true situation.

Denham, August 17.—Yesterday a valuable Paper Mill, with a large quantity of stock, paper, &c. the property of Mr. George Bird, of this town, was consumed by fire. The flames were so rapid in their progress, and had so far advanced before the engines arrived, that every attempt to save the building proved fruitless. Much credit is, however, due to the citizens, who succeeded in saving the large Iron Manufactory, belonging to Messrs. Welles and Co. adjoining to the paper mill. The loss of Mr. Bird, is estimated at 3500 dollars. It was, indeed, his all. Having long struggled through misfortunes and born up with the tide of adversity, he had by industry and prudence, obtained a little property, and was succeeding agreeably to his expectation, when in one fatal hour his hopes and his fortune were destroyed by a raging element. The excellent character which Mr. Bird has always maintained, and his long and laborious industry will, doubtless, induce those who are in good circumstances, to extend to him that relief which his misfortunes demand. We hope the hand of benevolence will on this occasion be freely opened to encourage virtue and Industry.

A number of liberal minded gentlemen, in this place, subscribed, last evening, to the amount of 400 dollars, for Mr. Bird's relief. We hope the example will be generally followed.

Salem, September 1.—We hear from Andover, that on Saturday last, a mad dog made his appearance in Haverhill, and bit a child in that town.—On his way from that place, he bit a hog, which has since died. On the Methuen side of the river, adjoining Andover Bridge, he bit three children: and passing over the bridge bit another child; the mother of which, who lived in the toll-house, endeavouring to beat off the ferocious animal, was severely bitten herself. As soon as surgical assistance could be obtained, the flesh which was contiguous to the wound was cut away and cauterized. The children were bitten in those parts of their bodies, to which neither the knife nor the caustick could safely be applied.

There was a hurricane in the West Indies on the 21 of August which appeared to have been most felt at Guadaloupe, off which Island an English frigate and 2 sloops of war were lost. It was felt at Antigua, St. Bartholomews, and St. Croix, but did no damage. It did no damage at Trinidad. An American ship was blown out of Montserrat, and dismantled and arrived at St. Croix. We do not notice accounts from any Island but those mentioned.

JUST RECEIVED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
THE EXILE OF ERIN,  
A NEW NOVEL  
BY MISS GUNNING.  
ALSO  
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;  
OR,  
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP  
FOR  
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S  
SUPPER.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Hail, honoured wedlock's sacred rites!  
The crown of life is thine;  
Pure fount of social, sweet delights,  
To Adam's virtuous line.

## MARRIED.

On the 30th ult. at Judge Livingston's, Bloomingdale, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Archibald M'Vicker, to Miss Catharine Augusta Livingston.

## MORTALITY.

Oh, Death! despotic, whose all-conquering hand  
Overcomes alike the monarch and the slave;  
Whose towering might no mortal can withstand,  
But bows submissive to thy throne—the grave!

## DIED.

At Flushing L. I. on the 27th ult. Mr. David Gardner, late of this city, City Weigher, aged 65 years.  
At Hartford, on the 23d ult. Mr. Lemuel Lincoln, of the house of Lincoln and Gleason, Book-Sellers, aged 31 years.

A female pauper died lately in the Work-house, at Liverpool, England, at the advanced age of 124 years. She retained all her faculties to the last, except her sight, which, two months previous to her dissolution, had been much impaired.

## PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE, FOR THE GUMS AND TEETH,



Prepared after the original receipt from this distinguished European, dentist to the present proprietor, who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaintances who have given it a trial, to offer this much esteemed preparation to the public, in hopes of checking, in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth powders, which, by friction, and the corrosive ingredients they usually contain, soon destroy the enamel, loosen, and materially injure the teeth and gums.—This mischief, and its distressing effects, is obviated by the peculiar properties of the Tincture, which preserves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that are loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and completely eradicates the scurvy, which often proves destructive to a whole set of teeth. The Tincture is of great value to persons wearing artificial teeth fastened to the natural ones, as it prevents the natural teeth from becoming loose, and the others from changing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the Medicine Store, No. 198, Broadway, and at the office of the Weekly Museum, No. 3, Peck-slip—at two shillings a bottle, with directions.

September 9 1073—(f

RAGS WANTED.  
SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.  
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.  
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

## COUNTRY CLOTH AND BEES-WAX.

1000 Yards very fine, middling, and coarse brown and white Country Tow-Cloth.  
500 Pounds Bees-Wax.  
Superfine New-York inspected Flour, warranted of the first quality, for family use, constantly kept on hand, and for sale, by

STEPHEN HOLT, Jun.  
No. 240, Front-street.

JUST RECEIVED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain  
NOTE PAPER.  
ALSO,  
COMMON PRAYER BOOKS.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

From the Troy Gazette.

### MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

RESIGNED to sleep's refreshing power,  
The weary villagers repose;  
While here I seek, at midnight hour,  
That peace which solitude bestows.

No sound now greets the listening ear,  
Except the nightingale's soft lay;  
Or when the watchful chauticleer  
Anticipates the approaching day.

The plumed tenants of the grove,  
Who cheered me with their evening lays  
Have ceased their tender notes of love,  
And fled with Sol's departing rays.

Behold yon silver queen of night  
In clouded majesty arise;  
See! she unveils her peerless light,  
And darkness at her presence flies.

Fond hope! Oh! that one cheering ray  
Might thus within the light impart;  
That thus thy beams might chase away  
The gloom from a desponding heart.

Once, gliding down life's busy stream  
So smoothly—all was blissful pleasure;  
But, Ah! the dear delusive dream  
Dissolved and fled—I fear forever.

And now, my lonely way I grope  
While gloomy darkness hovers o'er me;  
And scarce one distant gleam of hope  
Remains to cheer the path before me.

How dull the sluggish moments are,  
While here in solitude I roam;  
How best the gliding moments were  
I passed in happiness at home.

A stranger was I then to sadness;  
In gilded paths of pleasure led;  
But sorrow now succeeds to gladness;  
Those halcyon days of bliss are fled.

I've seen a parent's brow unclouded,  
And smiles the peace within bespeak;  
But now, in sorrow's vesture shrouded,  
Behold his pale and faded cheeks!

I've seen full many a wand'ring elf  
Fed at his hospitable door;  
Now, no one poorer than himself,  
He weeps that he can give no more.

I've seen him cheerful, blithe, and gay,  
Unknown to sorrow, grief, and care,  
I've seen him in a gaol—a prey  
To gloomy sadness and despair.

At the decrees of righteous Heaven  
I would not impiously repine;  
And never shall offence be given  
By one complaining thought of mine.

Hut, surely, cruel fate hath borne  
With an oppressive hand upon him  
And unrelentingly hath torn  
His earthly peace and comfort from him.

Dear parent! though of weak bereft,  
Let hope, reviving hope, awake you;  
Remember, you have children left  
Who never, never, will forsake you.

### CISTERN

Made and put in the ground complete warrant-  
ed tight by C. ALFORD,  
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house

## THE MORALIST.

The most sensible motives to abate the passions  
are death. The tomb is the best course of morality;  
study avarice in the coffin of a miser; this is the  
man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon  
riches; see a few boards inclose him, and a few  
square inches of earth contain him! Study ambition  
in the grave of the enterprising man; see his noble  
designs, his expensive projects, his boundless expe-  
dients, are all shattered and sunk in this faint gulf  
of human projects! Approach the tomb of the proud  
man, and investigate pride; see the mouth that pro-  
nounced lofty expressions, condemned to eternal si-  
lence; the piercing eyes that convulsed the world  
with fear, covered with midnight gloom; the for-  
midable arm that disturbed the destinies of man-  
kind, without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the  
nobleman, and there study quality; behold the mag-  
nificent titles, his learned genealogies, are all gone,  
or going to be lost with himself in the same dust!  
Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptu-  
ous; see, his senses are destroyed, his organs broken  
to pieces, his bones scattered at the grave's mouth,  
and the whole temple of sensual pleasures subverted  
from its foundation.

### BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each  
An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most  
inveterate cases of *BILIOUS CHOLIC*, and is pecu-  
liarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redun-  
dancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in  
Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agree-  
able as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from  
the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having  
witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for  
several years past, considers it a duty highly incum-  
bent to place it more in the way of his fellow-crea-  
tures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respecta-  
ble) might be produced of its utility and effects, but  
these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommend-  
ing trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best  
recommendation.

August 19.

S. DAWSON'S,  
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,  
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip  
and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street.

THOMAS MORTON,  
Bids leave to acquaint his friends and the public  
that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the  
store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he  
has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—  
Damask and diaper table cloths  
Fine French cambrics and linens  
Twilled cotton sheetings  
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks  
Chintz, calicoes and gingham  
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair  
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose  
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.  
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins  
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs  
Ribbins, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings  
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths  
Cotton Yarn for Sewing: Knitting and Drawing  
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans  
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,  
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold  
low, wholesale and retail.  
May 27

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE, BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON,  
At the sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-  
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-  
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash. Bo-  
far superior to any other for softening beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosessowell  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-  
ter shaving; with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
1s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d  
Smith's Sapolette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin  
Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-  
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box  
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-  
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books  
Ladies silk Braaces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold  
The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery  
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

### ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT.

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn  
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give  
a good and sufficient light. They require no particu-  
lar lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler,  
or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit  
of being called up at night, and others requiring or  
wishing a light during the night (particularly the  
sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and  
convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to  
light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes  
containing 50 tapers, at 30 cents per box

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,  
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON  
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

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